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THE PANCAKE BELL.

By the Rev. Francis Paget, M. A. (Burns, London.)

THIS is a fourpenny tract, worth reading at any time, and during this week particularly well deserving the notice of our readers. Just as church bells ring at six o'clock in the morning, at twelve at mid-day, and at six in the evening, in many Protestant towers, merely because it is an old custom, although the greater number who hear and those who ring know nothing of the reason; so on Shrove Tuesday, it seems, the parish bell is sounded, and among those who know no better, the ringing on this day goes by the name of the *Pancake-bell*. The author of the tract before us seizes the occasion to explain the old Catholic customs of the time, and more particularly *shriving*, or confessing, which has given this particular Tuesday the title of *Shrove Tuesday*. The dialogue with which the story opens is spirited without being pert, and the description of tossing pancakes quite *unctuous*.

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed Charley Salt, "I never could have thought of such a thing. Whatever else he might forget, I should never have expected Mr. Warlingham to forget anything about the Church."

"Why, what has he forgotten?" asked Harry Martin.

"He forgot that to-day was Shrove Tuesday."

"Indeed?" said Philip Dilwyn, who had overheard the conversation. "What makes you think so, Charley?"

"Why, just now, as I was coming down the Church Lane, I met him, and says he to me, 'Charley, my boy, what's the bell tolling for? Is Sally Dixon's baby dead?' 'Dead, Sir?' says I, 'not that I know of. That's the Pancake-bell.'" "Well, Charley, what did the Vicar say then?"

"Oh, he began to laugh, and declared he had forgotten all about it; but he added, 'I ought to have remembered, for there is such a smell of frying all down the street.'"

"But, Charley, this only proves that he had forgotten about pancakes, or about ringing the bell, not that he had forgotten that it is Shrove Tuesday. I don't think he was likely to forget that."

"You may say what you will, but I shall always think it very odd that he who is so particular about these kind of things and the Church services, should forget about Shrove Tuesday."

"About pancakes, you mean, Charley," said Harry Martin.

"Well, about pancakes, then. I'm sure it would not seem to me like Shrove Tuesday, if we had not pancakes for dinner."

"Mr. Warlingham has other things to think of, besides his dinner," observed Harry.

"Yes, but there was the sound of the bell to remind him; and he is always so strict, you know, about what the Church orders."

Charley Salt was still a little boy, and knew no better, or he would not have made such a strange remark as this. His companions laughed, and Philip Dilwyn said, "But the Church never enjoins us to eat pancakes."

"Then why does the church bell ring only on this day in the year, just at dinner time? and why does every body call it the pancake bell?"

"I believe, Charley, that the bell was formerly tolled with a very different object, namely, to call people to church; not for the purpose of bidding them pour the batter into the frying-pan.

The bell continued to toll (perhaps as a witness against them), though folks ceased to come to church; and when the real reason why they were invited to come to church at this time was forgotten, ignorant persons took it into their heads that it had some connexion with pancakes. Now, Harry, can you tell me, why it is called Shrove-Tuesday?"

"No, Phil, but I can tell you why Charley Salt is hopping on one leg," answered Harry Martin, laughing.

"Why?" asked Dilwyn.

"Because he is thinking that if he don't make haste home, he'll be too late for his dinner. He always hops that way when he is in a fidget, don't you, Charley?"

"I'm as bad as the Vicar," cried Phil Dil good-humouredly, "I was forgetting pancake-time too. Away with you, but if you've nothing particular to do this evening, call in again, and we'll go on with our talk."

The boys thanked their kind friend, and proceeded homewards. They were punctual to their appointment, for they were always glad to be with Phil Dil, and they often said to one another, that they learned as much from being with him out of school-hours, as they did when he was hearing them their lessons in school.

"Now then, Charley," said Philip, "let us hear all about it. Had they eaten up all the pancakes before you got home?"

"No," replied Charley, "but it was lucky for me that mother did not take me at my word, or no pancakes should I have had this day."

"Indeed? Why how came that about?"

"You shall hear, Phil. As soon as I got home, there I saw mother at the fire, with her frying-pan in one hand, and a fork in the other, and such a pile of pancakes ready made in a dish on the hearth! and every now and then she just touched the pancake she was making, with the fork, to prevent its sticking to the pan; and as soon as she did that, there was such a bubbling, and fizzing, and sputtering, as if the pancake was quite comfortable, and didn't choose to be touched. But as soon as it was done on one side, 'get out of my way, Charley,' says my mother, 'for I'm going to turn it in the pan,' and with that she gives the frying-pan a shake and a toss, and up flies the pancake half way to the ceiling, and then down it comes on its other side, into the pan, as neat and as flat as....."

"As a pancake, I suppose," observed Harry Martin; "well go on, we have all seen pancakes tossed."

"Harry, I must tell my own story my own way. I've seen pancakes tossed scores of times myself, but some how or other, I never thought much about the knack of doing it till to-day: but when I saw my mother so handy, and seeming to do it so easy—'Mother,' said I, 'let me have a toss!' 'You, Charley? why you'll tumble into the pan, and be made a fritter of.' 'Nay, mother,' I answered, 'I'm sure I could do it.' 'Well lad,' said my father, who had overheard our talk, wait a bit, and when your mother has finished our pancakes, you shall make your own; and you shall have as many as you can toss.' This was fine hearing, wasn't it, Phil? How many do you think I tossed?"

Phil laughed and shook his head.

"Oh, it was a terrible job, Phil, I'll assure you, for I was so impatient, I wouldn't let mother show me how to do it, and so I hadn't a chance, as indeed I ought to have considered. However, I set to work as bold as a lion, and I got on pretty well till the pancake was done on one side. 'Now then,' cried mother, 'it's time to turn it; take care, Charley.' Well, I was determined to be careful, and not to attempt to toss it as high as mother did, and so I didn't toss it at all, but only managed to slip it half out of the pan, and blacken it with the soot of the sides of the pan. There was a pretty laugh against me, you may be sure; but I took courage, and said if they would only give me another trial, I *thought* I could do it; for I wouldn't say I was *sure* this time. Mother didn't much like wasting the batter, but

she gave me enough to make a little one, and sure enough I tossed it: but, Oh Phil! instead of turning in the air as it ought to have done, and dropping exactly where it had sprung from, away it went, first up to the ceiling, and then down on the stone floor, and before I could stop him, our dog Bounce made a snap at it, and dragged it under the dresser." And so ends Charley's chance of a pancake for dinner.

Then comes the history of the name of *Shrove*, in which the practice of confession is defended. We must say that we should have been more pleased with a plainer answer from Phil Dil, when asked if he thought it would be good to go to confession again. It is quite clear that he believes it would be good, but he gives his answer in that fine vague expression, which may mean much or nothing, "*I teach on this subject as my Bible teaches me.*" But we will resume the dialogue.

"Have you found out, Harry, why it is called Shrove Tuesday?"

"Yes, Phil, I found all about it, in a book of the Fasts and Festivals, which I got as a reward at Christmas. It is called Shrove Tuesday, because in old times the people used to go and 'shrive,' or confess themselves to the Priest."

"Quite right," said Dilwyn, "and no doubt the tolling of the bell on this day was originally intended for the purpose of calling the people to confession, and not, as is supposed now-a-days, to remind them to prepare their dinners."

"I am sure I am glad we have not to do that now," said Charley Salt; "I should be in a great fright if I had to go and tell Mr. Warlingham all the things I had done wrong; he would think so ill of me, and be so very angry with me."

"Perhaps so," answered Philip Dilwyn, "but surely it is less fearful to confess one's sins to man than to God. God is all holiness, and purity, but even the best of our fellow-creatures are sinners, like ourselves."

"But I should feel so ashamed of telling all my bad thoughts to a fellow-creature," observed Charley.

"You mean that it would go against your pride to do so. The fact is, Charley, when we confess our sins to God, we do not realize to ourselves what and how numerous our sins have been. We do not go over them one by one, enumerating all the little circumstances which increased our guilt. This we shrink from doing; and we slur them over in the general confession, that we are sinners. Now, if we had to confess our sins to a fellow-creature, that person, if he were a good man, would put searching questions, and try and lay bare our self-deceits, and show us the real character of our offences in God's sight. He would help us to do properly that work of self-examination which is so needful for us, but so painful to us; and the knowledge that at stated times we must lay open our hearts to him, would, I have no doubt, oftentimes render us more careful and more anxious to escape from our besetting sins."

"Then you think, Phil, that it would be a good thing if we were to come and tell one another our faults?"

"I think on the subject," answered Dilwyn, "as my Bible teaches me to think. The Holy Apostle, St. James (Chap. v. 16), enjoins us in so many words to confess our sins, one to another."

"But, Philip," asked Harry Martin, "if confession of sins to our fellow-creatures, or to the priest, be such a good thing, why do we not all practise it?"

"There is nothing to hinder you from doing so. On the contrary, if the Bible be true, it is a sin to neglect it."

"But why does not the Church encourage it?"

"She does encourage it, Harry. If you look at the office for the Visitation of the Sick, in your Prayer-book, you will find that the Priest is directed to move the sick person to make a special confession of his sins."

"But why has the custom fallen into disuse among us, Philip?"

"First, because it is one which is so repugnant to the pride of our fallen nature, that men would be sure to escape from it, whenever they could find an excuse for doing so; and, secondly, because such an excuse was unhappily found in the abuses which became connected with confession, while our Church yet held communion with Rome."

"I wish you would explain this to me, Phil," said Charley Salt; "for I don't understand it. I know that nobody can forgive sins but God, and yet, whenever we go to church, we hear that God has 'given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins.' How is this?"

"I see no difficulty, or even apparent contradiction in it," said Dilwyn. "The priest does not speak to us in his own name, but God's. To the truly penitent God's forgiveness is conveyed, through the priest's absolving words, just as through the priest's hands, the Body and Blood of Christ are delivered to the faithful in the Lord's Supper. He who comes to the Holy Communion in a state of wilful sin, receives no benefit from it; and he who listens to the words of absolution with an impenitent mind, remains unforgiven, for repentance is a main condition of absolution. But in neither case does the blessing emanate from the priest, but from God, Whose servant he is, and in Whose place he stands. And we know from Holy Scripture, that this authority to declare God's forgiveness to those who sincerely repent was given by our Lord to His Apostles. Do you remember the text?"

Harry Martin reflected for a moment, and then said, "Yes, we read in the Gospel of St. John, (xx. 21, 23), that after the resurrection, Jesus appeared to His disciples, and said unto them, 'Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.'"

"Abuses connected with confession;" but what part of the Christian system cannot be, and has not been, abused? Ought not the writer to pursue the same line of argument when treating of the Holy Eucharist, tithes, and all ecclesiastical things? But this is the way in which not a few of the more cautious or cowardly of the New Anglican School write of doctrines and usages, which, their riper knowledge forces them to acknowledge, were maintained of old, and which they qualify in this manner for fear of shocking their readers and attracting censure to themselves. What a lesson, however, is read here to those furious pulpit and platform declaimers against our holy faith, who tell their hearers that confession is a "master-piece of Satan," a "system invented by priests to obtain control over the consciences of men," an awful robbery of the rights of God, who alone can forgive sins, as if the Catholic Church taught that sins were pardoned by virtue of the priest's power independent of God!

The conversation then turns on Ash Wednesday.

"It was so called from an ancient ceremony observed on that day. Those offenders on whom the Church had imposed penance, were on this day presented at the doors of the church. When admitted, they were arrayed in sackcloth by the priest, ashes were thrown on their heads, and, like Adam when cast forth from Paradise (which was a type of the Church), they were addressed in these words, 'Remember, O man, that thou art dust, and that unto dust shalt thou return.' After the penitents had been sprinkled with ashes, they were led forth, one by one out of the church, into which they were not admitted again, till they had received absolution."

"That is to say," said Philip, "'the ecclesiastical censures,' or the Church's sentence of punishment, was then removed. You have now answered your own question, Harry."

"But who were the kind of persons on whom the Church inflicted such an awful punishment as that of forbidding them to enter God's House?"

"Those who were guilty of the sins, for which in the Communion service we affirm the curse of God to be due."

"And were they soon re-admitted into communion with the Church again?" asked Harry Martin.

"Of course, that depended in a great measure on the degree of their guilt. But many a sin which is thought little of now-a-days, would, in primitive times, have been treated with such strictness and severity, that the offender would be kept under public penance all his life. The ordinary course of penance often held men for ten, fifteen, or twenty years in going through the several stages of repentance: but for some more heinous crimes, no certain term of years was limited but their lives; and perfect reconciliation and absolution was only granted them at their last hour; and some (those who had been guilty of idolatry, adultery, or murder), not even then."

We wish most earnestly that this little book may find numberless purchasers amongst our separated brethren. As sin, love of the world, and our own sensual ease, keep so many from the search after that unity of faith which Christ established, and which it was his fervent prayer that all should enjoy; so by entering on a right course of penance, men's hearts will be prepared for grace and religious union. We think it the positive duty of the ministers of the Established Church, who share the sentiments of the writer of this tract, and who believe that the authority which they received at ordination has any weight, to enforce the substance of this reasoning among all whom they believe themselves appointed to teach.

What is called the *Communion Service* is next discussed. Messrs. Mc Ghee, O'Sullivan, and all that class, now nearly forgotten, but who formerly practised eloquence at Exeter Hall, and at Reformation Meetings, were wont to invoke no small portion of indignation against the Council of Trent, because it concluded its condemnation of those who persisted in teaching certain fatal heresies with the words, "let them be anathema." St. Paul indeed (*Gal. i. 8.*) long ago declared them *accursed* who taught their own private doctrines as Christ's; nay, he did not hesitate, such was his horror of new "views," as some phrase it, of faith, to extend his malediction to angels, if they could be capable of such outrage on the unity of belief; but these vociferous agitators have always been remarkable for forgetting those portions of Holy Scriptures which do not suit their "views" or their passions. But how could the Book of Common Prayer, with its round of services, which they are obliged to announce and share, be forgotten? In these times, such is our excess of refinement, that hell is hardly to be named to ears polite, and such is our ridiculous affectation of charity, that in our desire to escape giving temporal pain, we try to make the Gospel void; as if the threats of God would not be enforced because we are ashamed to repeat them, and as if it were not true charity to save a man from the risk of being miserable for ever. This system of softening down the severity of God's word is the most fearful sign of the times; people having adopted the principle (a false one) of each man being privileged to explain Scripture for himself, and not being able at all, of course, to agree as to what is the true faith, have struck a sort of tacit bargain with each other, and seem to say, "you let me into heaven with my belief, and I will let you with yours," but neither God nor the Gospel are parties to this agreement. One God, one faith, &c.

"Here, take this Prayer-book, and look at the Communion Service."

"The very commencement contains the Church's witness on the subject. 'Brethren, in the Primitive Church there was a *godly* discipline, that, at the beginning of Lent, such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance, and punished in this world, that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord; and that others, admonished by their example, might be the more afraid to offend. Instead whereof, (until the said discipline may be restored again, which is much to be wished) it is thought good, that at this time (in the presence of you all) should be read the general sentence of God's cursing against impenitent sinners—to the intent that, being admonished of the great indignation of God against sinners, ye may be rather moved to earnest and true repentance.'

"There," said Philip Dilwyn, when Martin had finished reading, "you can no longer doubt that the *wish* of our Church is to

give her children the same privileges, to exert over them the same strict yet merciful authority which she exercised in old times."

"Aye," replied Harry, "all you have now taught me will give me a different kind of feeling about the Communion service. Hitherto, I have heard it read with a feeling of awe, owing to what I have heard people say about 'cursing their neighbours' whenever they join in it, but now I trust it will teach me to think more of the exceeding heinousness of sin (especially of my own) and of the danger there is, lest, having lost the Church's discipline (which would have kept it always before us), we should cease to feel the *real magnitude* of our offences."

"I think," observed Philip Dilwyn, "you could hardly have read over that service attentively, or you could not have thought it an uncharitable service, which anybody must do who supposes that he runs the risk of cursing his neighbours by joining in it."

"Then you do not think it uncharitable, Philip, to add 'Amen,' when the priest says that drunkards, for instance, are accursed. Does it not look like a pronouncing a curse on some of the persons whom we know in our own minds to be given to drink?"

"I will answer your question by putting one to Charley, who has been so long and patiently listening. I suppose, Charley, it would throw your mother into a great fright, would it not, if you were to run into her bedroom some night, and wake her, and tell her that your house was on fire?"

"That I am sure it would," replied Charley.

"But would it be right to leave her to be burnt in her bed, through fear of causing her an alarm?"

"Nobody could think that, Philip."

"And now, which would be the kindest by a drunkard—to let him go on in a state of careless security, till his drink brought him to that place where the fire is never quenched; or to warn him of his danger before it is too late, and alarm him very much by showing him his real condition, and so give an opportunity of escape, while escape is yet possible?"

"There can be no question at all about the matter," replied Charley.

"Well," replied Dilwyn, "that is just the view of the case which is taken in the Communion Service. There are certain sins into which we are all liable to fall, which sins, if committed, render us liable to God's wrath and damnation. Now the Church, on a very solemn occasion, recounts the chief of these sins, in order that we may all bear in mind, that the curse of God is indeed due to them. She warns us in mercy and kindness of the peril in which we are placed, and she requires of us to acknowledge with our own lips that we are exposed to such danger. And they who find fault with her for so doing, must, if they follow out their own reasoning consistently, give up reading their Bibles, for they cannot do so without condemning those who are guilty of wilful sin."

We had intended to extract several other good passages, but space will not allow; we have given enough, however, we are quite sure, to enable the reader to form a very pleasing idea of the little book.

A DINNER PARTY OF CRABS.

At a certain state of the tide they might be seen scrambling out of the water by thousands, and often reminded me of a hungry cargo of stage-coach passengers, to whose dinner only a limited time can be allotted; for the whole troop after sidling a short distance from the water, immediately commenced eating most expeditiously, picking up some mysterious comestible from the soft rich mud, first with one claw and then with the other, and continually carrying the supplies to the mouth, which being situated in the broad central region, always gave the idea of a person very busily engaged in filling his waistcoat pockets; and the effect of some thousands of these odd little bodies, all engaged in the same manœuvres, was droll in the extreme.—*Notes and Sketches of New South Wales.*

THE BLACK LADY.

(Continued from page 34.)

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER MORAND.

ANNETTE had just been eating an apple and a slice of bread for her collation. Castor was lying at her feet, and carefully watching every movement of his little mistress; he also had had his share of the repast, but from his looks it was plain to be seen, that he would not have objected to prolong the meal to any given length—for he was still hungry. All at once, he jumped up and began barking his loudest, keeping his eyes fixed all the time in the direction of the road that led to Conrad's cottage. Annette grew terrified as she noticed the actions of the dog—and it did not tend at all to reassure her, to see two figures making their way through the forest towards her. But her fear was of very short continuance; for she soon recognised one of the new-comers by the dress he wore—it was Father Morand. The timid child regained courage at the sight of the good Religious.

"Good day, my child," said the holy man, as he drew near: "I have brought you good news, and am come to salute you on the part of your brother."

"How say you, of my brother? Then Eugene is not dead?"

"No, my child; he is living, thank God, and in good health. It was he that sent you the purse with the six crowns in it, as well as the white apron and prayer book."

"Oh my blessed Mother in Heaven, holy Mary, I thank you! How happy you have made me! Then after all Eugene was not drowned in the lake? Oh dear! I have done nothing but fret ever since."

"Well, then, fret no more, daughter. Eugene is waiting for you, and invites you to go and see him."

"But where is he?" said Annette. "Is he far from here? I cannot go far, because I am very little, and uncle Conrad would scold me."

"Make yourself easy about that, my child," said the priest. "Conrad will not scold you: he is going to meet you there himself."

"Meet me where? where is Eugene?"

"He is living with a kind lady who loves him well, and who will love you too, when she sees you."

"Is he living with *the Black Lady*?" asked Annette, her sweet voice trembling with agitation. "No, I won't go there; she would kill me and suck my blood."

"You silly little thing!" said Father Morand's companion: "why should she kill you any more than your brother? And by the presents he has been sending you, you see clearly that she has done him no harm."

"Listen, my child," said the good priest. "The Lady that takes care of your brother never kills any body; she loves every one, and little children above all. It was she that gave your brother all the nice things you got from him. So, do come with us, your brother is waiting for us."

"Oh! I dare not," said Annette, hiding her face in her little apron. The poor child burst into a flood of bitter tears; it was evident that a mighty struggle was going on within her breast—between her fear of being killed by *the Black Lady* on the one hand, and her desire of seeing her dear brother again on the other. In the end, the latter feeling prevailed. She said she was ready to go to her brother; but she must first lead the flock home, and let uncle Conrad know where she was going.

Father Morand praised the child's prudent foresight, and told his companion to take charge of the flock, whilst he conducted Annette to her brother. The good Religious took her by the hand, made his way with her through the thickest part of the forest, and followed a little winding path, which soon opened out into a wider and more commodious road. After having walked about half an hour, they saw at a distance the castle, in which they were to meet Eugene. "Do you see that large building? It is there that the good lady dwells whom you are going to see," said Father Morand to the little girl.

Annette answered him only by a sigh; for in spite of the repeated assurances and encouragements she had received from her guide, she was still terrified at the idea of presenting herself before *the Black Lady*.

The pleasure of once more embracing her brother, whom she had so long looked upon as lost for ever, could not altogether dissipate her apprehension. But at last, fear gave way to the stronger feeling, love, as she saw the desired moment draw near. "A very few

minutes more now, and I shall see Eugene again," said she to herself. "I shall be happy now! What nice things he will say to me!"

Whilst she was comforting herself with these sweet hopes, she reached the gates of *the Terrible Castle*. Father Morand struck twice with the huge iron knocker, when an aged servant in livery made his appearance. At the sight of the Religious, he bowed to him with great respect, and said "What, already? you have not kept us waiting long. My lady is in the garden; I will go and announce your arrival."

Father Morand entered a beautiful apartment, which commanded a view of the lake. This room quite captivated the attention of little Annette. She could not restrain her eyes from wandering in every direction, and gazing on the dazzling objects that surrounded her. The long rich curtains which ornamented the windows—the great arm-chairs with velvet covers—the luxurious sofa—the brilliant mirrors—the crystal chandeliers—and a crowd of other objects ravished and enchanted her. She found every thing on a much more magnificent scale, than she had ever been accustomed to in the cottage of Conrad, where she had passed so many happy and joyful days.

Father Morand left her to admire in silence all that appeared to strike her so much, when all at once, a side door opened, and Annette started in spite of herself, at the sight of the figure that entered. It was a female dressed in black. She approached the Religious, whispered some words in his ear, cast an inquiring glance upon the girl and withdrew. Annette took her for *the Black Lady*. The Father perceived her terror, and said to her, "Why do you tremble, my child? Have I not told you, that the lady who has asked to see you, is not wicked, and will not do you any harm?"

"But she looked at me so fiercely," said the child, beginning to cry.

"Nonsense, Annette. That person is not the Lady herself; it is only her waiting maid."

Poor little Annette did not know what a waiting maid was, but she asked earnestly to see her brother.

"Eugene will soon be here," said Morand. "In the mean while, look at all these fine pictures, and don't be frightened."

Annette gradually grew calmer, and walked round the room to examine the pictures.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO THE BLACK LADY WAS.

LEAVING little Annette in the castle of the Lady, who had now become so notorious, by all that public credulity laid to her charge, it is our duty to our readers to make them acquainted with the history of this mighty dame.

She went by the name of *the Black Lady*, on account of the mourning dress, in which she always appeared. She was in reality a most admirable person, both as regarded the qualities of her heart, and the endowments of her mind. The only object of her life was to do good. Her piety was as enlightened as it was solid. She was only thirty-two years of age, and already her life had been embittered by one of those calamities, that always bring great evils along with them. Ever since that time, disgusted with life, at a moment when she just began to feel its charms, she made up her mind to leave the world, and take up her abode in this solitary castle, in order to give herself up entirely to her sorrows, to cherish her griefs, and to enjoy her melancholy thoughts, as one would enjoy the society of some dear friend.

Born of one of the noblest families of Bavaria, whilst still very young, she married Count Mervin, general of the Hanoverian troops, and in this happy union she passed many years. She gave birth to two children—a boy and a girl. Nothing was now wanting to complete her happiness; but her joy was destined to be of short duration. A war broke out, and her husband was obliged to leave her, and take command of the army. After many months, passed in the greatest anxiety for the fate of the general, she one day received a letter, conveying to her the sad tidings that her husband had been mortally wounded in battle—that his heroic conduct had earned for him an unfading renown—but that his gallant intrepidity had exposed him to death from the fire of the enemy. The poor young lady was thrown into despair when she learnt the terrible news. She would immediately have flown on the wings of love to the little village, where, according to the letter, her husband lay in the agonies of death; but that was impossible; no one was willing to conduct her thither, and so expose himself to the danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. She

must therefore remain a prey to the most dreadful anxiety, till the arrival of farther intelligence; and it was not long in coming. They told her it was her duty to be ready at any moment, to sacrifice her nearest and dearest to God's holy will; they thus prepared her to learn what she already anticipated—her husband was dead. She now devoted herself entirely to the care of her two children, and lent all her endeavours to bring them up in good and virtuous courses.

But the chalice of her afflictions was not yet drained to the dregs, and she had still to tell many beads in the rosary of her sorrows. Sixteen months after the sad news of her husband's death, she learnt that the enemy had obtained possession of an important fortress on the frontier, and that in order to follow up this success, they were bent on conquering and plundering the whole kingdom. In fact, the victorious army spread like a torrent over all the country, and one small detachment found its way into the neighbourhood of the retired country-house, where the countess had taken up her abode. She considered her present situation unsafe, and therefore came to the determination of fleeing with her two children, and whatever articles of value she could carry with her. Next morning saw her on her journey, and she took her way through a forest towards Switzerland, where she reckoned on finding a secure asylum until the end of the war. She had advanced but a very few miles, when, all at once, the forest was filled with the most terrifying cries and shouts. A troop of cavalry had received intelligence of the countess's flight; pursued and soon overtook her. Several shots were fired at the coachman; the horses took fright at the noise, got the bit between their teeth, and overturned the carriage. The coachman was killed; the countess received a dangerous wound in her head, and was deprived of consciousness; the carriage was rifled and smashed.

It was not till some hours after mid-day, that some countrymen accidentally found the lady, and after many efforts, they succeeded in bringing her to herself. She called for her children—but they were no where to be seen, no one knew what had become of them. The kind-hearted people that found her, carried her to a small cottage near and tended her with the utmost care for two days. But she grew worse, and they were obliged to call in a physician, and he ordered her to be removed to his own house. There she lay sick for a

very long time; but during all this sad period they carefully concealed from her knowledge many other misfortunes that she had still to deplore; for her country mansion had been burnt to the ground, and all her possessions given up to plunder and pillage.

The loss of her children afflicted her so much, that they were frequently alarmed lest it might have the effect of depriving her of her reason. Night and day she never ceased calling for them; and whenever she saw little children of the same age as her own, she ran to embrace them, and would hardly allow herself to be separated from them again. Time, that cures every grief, re-established her health and calmed the sorrow of her soul. Her physician advised travelling, as change of scene would tend to wear out the vivid impression of her misfortunes from her mind. She therefore gathered all that remained of her shattered fortune, sold her lands and plantations, and after inquiring and searching in all directions for her dear lost infants, retired into Switzerland, bought this old castle, and took up her settled abode in it.

The retired life she led, her solitary walks, the mourning dress which she had never laid aside since the death of her husband, the occupations that filled up her time—for she would sometimes sit whole hours together under the trees, planning picturesque designs for the castle gardens—gave birth to the thousand idle and absurd reports that were circulated at her expense. To keep in her remembrance the cherished beings whom she had lost, she wrought in tapestry the features of her husband and her infants, and often regarded the dear memorials with mingled joy and regret. Religion shed over her its sublime consolations, and Father Morand, that worthy minister of a loving and merciful God, supported her in her painful course, and fortified her by his exhortations. Every Sunday he imparted to her the bread of angels, and purified her soul by holy confession. And thus the virtuous lady passed her days, sorrowful it is true, but still not without merit in His eyes, who loves those whom He chastises, and who proves those with afflictions whom He designs afterwards to recompense.

WITHOUT the love of God, no outward work avails; but every work that is done for the love of God, however slight and worthless it may seem, brings forth fruit. For God thinks more of a man's means than of the work which he does.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THE CALL UPON THE YOUNG.

CONSIDER if there is not an especial call on the youth of the rising generation to dedicate themselves to the more immediate service of Almighty God in the sacred ministry of His Church. Thanks be to God that the time at last is past, when second-rate talents, and an irresolute and feeble will, and a self-indulgent and easy temper, were deemed sufficient and suitable qualifications for a priest of the Most High; our miserable dissensions, our apparently impending dangers, our "fightings without," our "fears within," (2 Cor. vii. 5.) have at all events been over-ruled to one good end, in that they have made the life of a minister of the Church no sinecure, no post of inaction and ease, or freedom from anxiety and disquietude amongst us; and with this they do seem to constitute a distinct claim on the young men of our country not to shrink from the charge of the ark of God, now that it is, or is like to be, in such imminent peril. Much is often said, and said most truly, of the responsibility of taking holy orders; it cannot of course be overrated; who indeed can duly estimate it? But the very considerations which make the charge of others' souls an awful responsibility, make it an equally awful responsibility to shrink from it in the case of those who by the circumstances of their position seem providentially disposed towards it, without a conscious conviction that they can in some other calling promote God's glory better. Certain it is that what the Church of this country needs especially, is men of earnest, single-minded piety, of self-denial, of a holy zeal for God, and a thirsting love of souls, for her ministers; for (to say nothing of her missionary duties, to an appreciation of the importance of which our Church seems at length to be gradually awaking, and without the discharge of which she cannot be truly said to fulfil the purposes of her institution, or to bear the visible marks of her divine original) with an overgrown and alienated population growing up around us, with schism and heresy, and false doctrine of every form and hue, and far worse with infidelity, no longer lurking "in the thievish corners of the streets," but proclaiming aloud its awful lawlessness; and with all this, the Church herself suspected, and her resources crippled, and her influence checked by the cunning craftiness of worldly statesmen, who would have her, the Temple of God Most High, the servile creature of their own proud will; whilst holiness, and severity of life—our only hope—is the only thing which seems generally feared amongst us; surely every generous impulse even dictates to you that this is not the time to shrink from serving at *her* altars through whom you have been born anew to God. Surely if ever there was a time at which young men were bound to pray that they might be "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them this office and ministration to serve God for the promoting of His glory and the edifying of His people," it is now. And deem not yourselves, my Brethren, too young for such a purpose, or at least for such a prayer; we want to have the idea restored amongst us of the desirableness, not to say the necessity, of a dedication to God for his immediate service from our very birth. What unspeakable blessings might we not hope to be poured out on him whom a parent's grateful vows had thus consecrated from her womb! how would not angels love to guard him amid the snares and perils of his early years, and the trials of his education! "what carefulness, what clearing of yourselves, what zeal," (2 Cor. vii. 11.) what circumspection and sobriety would it not be felt were needed to preserve from defilement a treasure thus hallowed to the Lord! Think of this, my younger brethren, and may God give you a right judgment in this and in all things.—*Macmullen.*

LABOUR.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

HEART of the People! Working men,
Marrow and nerve of human powers;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain,
Through streaming time this world of ours.
Hold by that title—which proclaims
That ye are undismay'd and strong;
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
These offices, or burthens fall;
Labour for some or other end
Is lord and master of us all.
The high-born youth from downy bed
Must meet the morn with horse and hound,
While Industry for daily bread
Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, he
Is but your working comrade now;
And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
Might whistle by the loom or plough.
In vain for him has wealth the use
Of warm repose and careless joy;
When, as ye labour to produce,
He strives as active to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
Sad sign of vigour over-wrought?
What toil can this new victim claim?
Pleasure, for pleasure's sake besought.
How men would mock her flaunting shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no other work to do!

And he who still and silent sits
In closed room or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits
With folded arms or open book:
To things now working in *that* mind,
Your children's children well may owe—
Blessings that hope has ne'er defin'd,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work—with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordain'd to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed,
And all our choice is this—to grow
Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each others lot—
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not.
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from the task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

THE REFLECTING PROTESTANT'S ARGUMENT.

[Continued from page 11.]

BUT to unite us and keep us thus spiritually and intimately united to God and holy church, and to protect us from the daily operation of earthly sensual connexions amidst dangerous deviations from the path in our fearful journey of life, a holy, spiritual, guiding thread is requisite from our birth to the grave, in all the affairs of life; and this exists in the Catholic church, in the bond of the holy sacraments, those high symbols of an extraordinary grace and favour; and thus every era of our earthly life is consecrated and harmoniously united to the Eternal Divine by a sacrament.

Man is brought after his birth to the church; the priest purifies him by the sacrament of *holy baptism* from original sin, and the earthly dross of sin, and consecrates him to the church of Christ, as a member of which he is solemnly received by this sacrament.

He is educated and instructed, and the holy doctrines of the church are made known to him under the constant superintendence of the priest. When he has received the necessary religious education, he is tried in the dogmas of religion; after a constant trial he receives the holy sacrament of *confirmation*, in which he is strengthened in faith and virtue by the power of the Holy Ghost.

In the mean time he must have gained during his short earthly course much bitter experience; he has often strayed from the path which the holy church prescribes to us, and has found that our higher duties and our natural inclinations often come in conflict with each other. In this difficulty he wants an experienced guide, and that is given him in the Priest. He goes, therefore, to confession with his conscience itself for his counsel; he then makes on his knees a free acknowledgement of all his sins of commission and omission to the Priest, who has received from the church the holy office suitably to instruct and warn the penitent, and after a declaration of firm and hearty sorrow for his infirmities to forgive him them in the name of God, and to dismiss him from the confessional as a new man. Then he kneels down, purified from sin and stain and reconciled with God, before the altar, and the Priest solemnly administers to him in the most holy Sacrament of the *Altar*, Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, who died for us on the cross.

But since earthly life is a constant, changeful struggle of the soul and conscience with the sensual world; since man in the complication of earth-

ly affairs is very easily seduced to acts and deviations unworthy the heavenly aim of his life, and of the revelation which he has received; since we ourselves, although consecrated as christians, never become so firm in the wisdom of divine revelation, as to be constantly able to perform for ourselves the office of helper and adviser; therefore, is the Priest added as a constant counsellor and comforter in the affairs of conscience, and thus the divine remedy of holy confession remains to us the richest heavenly source of divine consolation, in which holy refreshment and strength flow to us from the sacred mouth of the Priest.

The christian should begin every thing, but particularly that which has a higher and more important influence on his temporal and eternal welfare, with God; and on this account is *marriage* also in the Catholic church a holy bond, which is contracted and consecrated by a holy sacrament, in order that the mystery of grace may be united to that of nature. Moreover, marriage in the Catholic church is indissoluble, and the text, "What God has joined let no man put asunder," here receives its real signification.

As marrying unites man to his wife, so and still more firmly do *Holy Orders* unite the Priest to the altar. Catholicism certainly knows no half measures, although she has accommodated herself to the weakness of the last centuries. He who once consecrates himself to the service of God, should not be able to withdraw, and cannot withdraw himself for ever from his service. The Catholic ecclesiastic ordained Priest by a legitimate Bishop, by the anointing and imposition of hands, is a member of that wonderful chain which beginning from Jesus runs through all ages, which unites the Apostles with their successors the Bishops, and the Bishops with the Priests ordained by them, in one body, which has the power to bless, to loose, and to bind. It is the holiest duty of the priesthood to make use of the power communicated to it from above, only to make men pious, to guide them on the way of true virtue and piety, and to lead them through this earthly life into their heavenly country.

Then still at the brink of the grave, before the departure of the soul from the mortal body, the holy sacrament of the altar is administered to man as a viaticum; and when all earthly hope disappears, when every earthly consolation leaves him, when he alone directs his eyes towards that better land, then by means of this holy sacrament, to which a sacred duty has united him from his youth, his last hope is changed into a most happy certainty, and he goes, if quite pure, strengthened with heavenly food to join the company of saints collected round the throne of God. The Priest anoints him also in the sacrament of *Extreme*

Unction with holy oil, to strengthen him against the last conflict (this is often also attended with corporeal recovery); and thus the inhabitant of this mortal body is withdrawn from earthly affections, and prepared for his eternal, happy abode after this life.

Thus is our whole earthly life consecrated and sanctified by this holy bond of the sacraments, and by the high, noble position of the Catholic Priest, through whom, as through a holy organ, the higher signification is obtained, and birth and death are (by holy sacramental operations) wonderfully and with deep signification joined together.

If we now consider the manner exterior worship is practised in the Catholic church, we shall find it highly dignified and magnificent. The temples are adorned with noble, serene splendour. Splendid pictures, with sublime scenes from the life and actions of Christ, or holy men and women, which represent the earthly sufferings and the heavenly victory of these props of holy faith, in excellent forms, adorn the altars. The entrance into the church begins with a proper symbolical action; we sprinkle ourselves with holy water, that we may approach the Most High both purified and consecrated to his service. The holy sacrifice of the Mass begins: how nobly, significantly, and dignifiedly is all arranged! a divine music peals, not as simple harmony, pleasing to the ear; it elevates the holy action, it represents by heavenly tones the holiest feelings and sensations of the divinely-inspired soul during the holy office.

Thus in the Catholic Church is Art the means of conveying to us the highest and purest ideas of mankind. And that she ought to be; for I ask, what is our earthly language? Nothing else than the medium for communicating the perceptions of the senses by means of the senses, the medium of the senses for understanding and reason. But the language which gives us in heavenly fulness the holiest ideas of God and immortality, in which alone we represent the deepest inexpressible feelings of our souls, in which alone we can worthily approach the Godhead, that is *art*, holy, divine art, whether it be called architecture, sculpture, painting, or music. The seeming inspiration of breath from the Godhead fills us with awe; the feeling of a heavenly happiness penetrates us when we perceive the holy harmonies originated in the deepest soul of a divinely-inspired master. The same holy feeling runs through us on beholding a magnificent work of painting. For what else is it that penetrates us on the sight of the Sixtine Madonna of Raphael, the Transfiguration of Guido, and other heavenly works of men, whose eternal, spiritual eye God opened, and to whom he gave

visions of that happy region where they plainly saw these divine ideas in such heavenly forms?

And it is quite the same feeling that fills us when we, raised in true holy devotion high above what is earthly, approach the church. And these highly-gifted masters were only able to produce such high and inspiring creations by being most thoroughly penetrated with the glow of these feelings, and by that means mightily raised aloft into the kingdom of the Divine, the imperishably True, Good, and Beautiful. As a spiritual bond surrounds our whole life, and unites us with all our being to the holy church, and through her to the Eternal, Unchangeable, so also in Catholic countries a great number of outward, visible signs denotes the connexion with the world to come. How really delightful to the heart of a man of feeling, to see in streets, and on highways, the holy representation of Him who out of his boundless love for us offered up his life on the cross by a most ignominious death, or to see the pictures of holy martyrs and heroes of our faith! For it is even that inward feeling of a pure, child-like thankfulness in every christian breast for the boundless love of God and his holy Son, which expresses itself in this manner as the public feeling of the inhabitants of Catholic countries; it is the bond of that eternal love springing from God, which in the night of earth unites us mortals to one another, and to the endless kindness and grace of our Father. What a heavenly comfort for the wanderer!

From the preceding considerations it is sufficiently deducible, how the Catholic Church perfectly corresponds in every respect with all the external and internal demands which may be made of the church as perfect and true. She is immediately founded on the holy sources of religion, she exists in her spotless purity, and her holy dogmas are, from the above-adduced irrefutable premises, free from the criticism of reason, whose province is immeasurably below her.

In Protestant countries an opinion has been expressed on several sides, that the revolutionary spirit of some nations, if not excited, has been favoured by Catholicism; and, in consequence, it has been sought to throw suspicions on its morality as sophistical. It could be easily shown, how highly absurd this accusation is, and how those revolutions have sprung from quite other purely political causes, if this did not lie too far from the aim of my undertaking; and I will, therefore, only, with respect to the morality which is to be considered as purely flowing from the Catholic church, incidentally mention, that in a remarkable manner, the books of prayer and edification, the most beautiful, the most full of soul and feeling which are to be found in the hands of almost

every well-informed Protestant, are precisely the works of highly venerable Catholic Priests.

The Catholic Church is, in conclusion, *one in herself*; she allows no sects; and how excellently this is expressed in the wise composition of the priesthood, quite independent of worldly things, and most dignified in its position, has also been sufficiently demonstrated. The Catholic Church everywhere exists as a purely, compact, independent whole, that is subjected to no earthly power. We have also seen how the holy bond of the sacraments most significantly attends our earthly life from our birth to the grave, and, consequently, how indispensably necessary is the higher signification and the immediate influence of the priesthood.

Whilst we again turn to the second part of these considerations, namely, to the examination how the interior and exterior state, and the political situation of *Protestantism* stands with relation to those universal demands, the publisher of this work must first remark, that his friend gave him the assurance, that he would undertake this examination with perfect freedom from party spirit, and that he should consider it as a holy duty, to avoid with the greatest caution every prejudice; since his aim is the earnest discovery of the truth in an affair which affects the highest interests of mankind, and, with respect to himself, the final decision of the weightiest and holiest questions of his own life. He has also not engaged in special historical developments and discussions, but simply and purely turned his attention towards that which at present is before us as simple fact.

Luther grounded the freedom of faith and of the conscience in this, that he subjected both to the decision and judgment of reason; he declared "that every christian has the holy innate right freely and distinctly to think on faith, himself to read the Bible, the holy original text, and to give a free decision agreeable to reason on what he ought to believe."

If we say Luther freed reason and gave it the right to think on matters of religion, to examine what is proposed, and out of that to choose the best, in this we pronounce exactly full sentence on the intellectual worth of Protestantism. For since, as we have showed above, reason and understanding are nothing but intellectual gifts limited by the body and the corporeal world, which even on account of these limits belong only to the examination and discovery of things which affect the senses and which pass away; since the higher truths of religion first begin where the world of sense ends; since we owe the discovery of the holy truths, according to history as well as according to the unanimous confession and belief of *all* christians, simply and alone to divine revelation; since,

therefore, a certain knowledge of these doctrines, by means of reason, was and is purely impossible, it is the more inconceivable how any one can wish to subject things which immeasurably surpass our reason, to the criticism of this same reason! Here the saying of Christ, "Give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's," may be well applied: let us use reason for the purpose for which the wise Creator has given it to us; let us store up knowledge, let us build up scientific systems, and apply it above all to the perfection of our earthly sensual condition; but let us not attempt with earthly reason to comprehend those holy ideas which God in his all-loving kindness has revealed to us.

In order to give to this freedom of the reason a certain check, or rein, he translated the Bible into the German language, and allowed to every one the free reading and a free judgment on the proofs therein adduced. How unsuitable and unlikely to obtain its aim it is to deliver over to every illiterate person such a book, to the right understanding of which a high degree of scientific and religious cultivation is requisite, and which moreover contains the bases of our whole spiritually religious being, has already been treated upon in our consideration of the relations of the Catholic church; and the result in the course of these three centuries has rendered sufficiently clear the fearful consequences of this freedom of the reason as well as of the free allowance to read the Bible. Immediately after the introduction of the Reformation began the contests between the Lutherans and the Reformed; the English church severed itself away. Soon after arose the severe disputes between the so-named orthodox and Crypto-Calvinists, which resulted in the dreadful fate of Doctor Krackan,* and later with the execution of the chancellor Krell in Dresden. But dogmatical disputes have continued to the present day. And as these learned disputants in their zealous fervour propounded to the people from the pulpit their propositions and their views, the fanatic rage penetrated into the centre of families, and the pure mild sense of christianity was entirely lost. A great number of sects have since that time sprung from Protestantism, from the Reformed down to the Stephanists. One has aimed his views in this manner, another in that, in order to explain the holy books according to reason; and the consequence of the means used for the purpose has naturally been no other than to bring down the sublime to the dust.†

* Doctor Krackan was racked at Leipsic, and died of the dreadful consequences of his torments.

† How far this freedom of judgment upon the contents of the Bible has at the present time been extended, how, moreover, this rein has lost all check and power, may be seen from the opinions

Since that obscure spiritual voice which speaks within us, and which summons us aloft above the whirlpool of the sensual world, above the grave and time, cannot be silenced, man may try to force the spirit into this or that form; thus we have ourselves lately seen, when through the so-called freedom of faith all inward spiritual restraint has disappeared, at the same time also the most fearful and unworthy examples of coarse fanaticism in the Protestant church. I remind the reader of the origin of that highly injurious mysticism—not the noble, truly, holy mysticism which christianity possesses in herself, for that consists in spiritual elevation above the world of sense by means of revelation, in holy faith, in eternal, heavenly things—no, that mysticism founded on the insanity and madness of crazed fanatics, or, as it has generally proved, superstition founded on the mystifications of shameful impostors. I here mention what was fully published in the public papers, the vile baseness of the so-called Mucker Society at Koenigsberg, in Prussia; the hypocrite and impostor Stephen of Dresden, who led upwards of six hundred honest, in part, self-instructed men, and even several clergymen, under the pretext of forming there a pure christian community, to North America, where at last the eyes of these unfortunate, misled people, but, alas! too late, were opened; they here saw their leader in all his filthy deformity exposed to view. A number of not less objectionable examples might be adduced, which all clearly and openly show that this was only the consequence of the so-called freedom of faith, that is, the making reason and understanding superior to faith. That by this freeing of reason, the *Unity of the Church*, as far as they are concerned, has also been quite destroyed, is also fully evident, from the number of sects which sprung from Protestantism. For since every one has been freely allowed to pronounce a decision on the authority of the Bible and the dogmas of faith, and to explain them according to his understanding, therefore the church must be shattered to fragments, and necessarily cease to possess a free, independent existence.

Farther it is said, Luther has freed the *conscience*. But if we answer the question what is the *conscience*, we shall find that this freedom of the conscience must be quite as fearful in its consequences as the freedom of our reason and under-

standing. The conscience is that obscure voice which speaks in the deepest breast of man, which judges our thoughts and actions. But this voice belongs to that second higher direction of the soul; it is, therefore, on this account high above reason and understanding, and is intimately and inseparably connected with revealed christianity. If we, therefore, accept revelation in this manner, this voice must in consequence obey the laws of revelation, and can by no means be freed from them. Consequently, the conscience is firmly and definitely subjected to the special superintendence of those who are the organs of the Godhead; therefore, to the superintendence of the Priests.

But if we now consider more closely the position of Protestant clergymen, which results from that dependent, subordinate position of the church, where every one can do as he likes, particularly in matters of faith, we shall find that there can be no question on their influence over the conscience, nor even of a practically deep influence over the heart. For the Protestant, unlike the Catholic clergyman, can in no way be considered as the organ of the divinity; he is much more a servant of the state. Thus is the clergy in the Protestant church no self-existently, organised, independent whole; but it together with its efficacy is subject to the control of the state; and every bailiff of *justice* and *actuaries* has the right to institute a process against the preacher, in case he expresses himself in a purely, religious, ecclesiastical manner, which does not accord with the juridical notions of the same. These adduce in proof the highly remarkable example of the clergyman* Mueglichs of Hundsuebel, near Ebenstock in Saxony, who was involved by the juridical tribunals in an extensive, highly, vexatious suit, because he, like a truly religious man, vigorously opposed the corruption of morals which prevailed in his parish, in which these tribunals felt themselves in some manner implicated.

[To be continued.]

PIRACY AND WAR.

A REMARKABLE incident occurred during the building of the Eddystone Lighthouse, during the war between England and France, in the reign of Louis XIV. One of the French frigates made a descent upon Eddystone rock, and captured all the workmen engaged in building the lighthouse. They were taken prisoners to France, and no little pride was manifested at the temporary damage thus done to England; but Louis ordered the men to be instantly released, and with presents, declaring that though he was at war with England, he was not at war with humanity and the whole world.

of the general superintendent Roche, at Weimar. He considers the Bible no more than any other book. He allows it force only when it coincides with his convictions, and not indeed as a ground of decision for them, (for they are considered by him to be true on account of the arguments of reason in their favour), but simply as an illustration that other wise men of antiquity also have so thought and believed. See his writings on Rationalism.

* See Mueglichs's printed account of this affair, which is united as an appendage to his parting sermon at Hundsuebel.

GOOD THINGS FROM THE CALENDAR;

OR, FACTS AND THOUGHTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND STUDIED DAILY.

February 2nd. CANDLEMAS DAY.

The procession with lighted tapers on this day is mentioned by pope Gelasius I., also by St. Ildefonsus, St. Eligius, St. Sophronius, patriarch of Jerusalem, St. Cyril of Alexandria, &c. in their sermons on this festival. Saint Bernard says, "This holy procession was first made by the virgin mother, St. Joseph, holy Simeon, and Anne, to be afterward performed in all places and by every nation, with the exultation of the whole earth, to honour this mystery." In his second sermon on this feast he describes it thus: "They walk two and two, holding in their hands candles lighted, not from common fire, but from that which had been first blessed in the church by the priests, and singing in the ways of the Lord, because great is his glory." He shows that the concurrence of many in the procession and prayer is a symbol of our union and charity, and renders our praises the more honourable and acceptable to God. We walk while we sing to God, to denote that to stand still in the paths of virtue is to go back. The lights we bear in our hands represent the divine fire of love with which our hearts ought to be inflamed, and which we ought to offer to God without any mixture of strange fire, the fire of concupiscence, envy, ambition, or the love of creatures. We also hold these lights in our hands to honour Christ, and to acknowledge him as the *true light*, whom they represent under this character, and who is called by holy Simeon in this mystery, *a light for the enlightening of the Gentiles*, for he came to dispel our spiritual darkness. The candles likewise express that by faith his light shines in our souls: as also that we are to *prepare his way* by good works, by which we are to be *a light* to men.

Lights are used by the church during the celebration of the divine mysteries, while the gospel is read, and the sacraments administered, on a motive of honour and respect. On the same account lamps burned before the Lord in the tabernacle and temple. Great personages were anciently received and welcomed with lights, as was king Antiochus by Jason and others on his entering Jerusalem. Lights are likewise expressive of joy, and were anciently used on this account in receiving Roman emperors, and on other public occasions, as at present. "Throughout all the churches of the East," says St. Jerom, "when the gospel is to be read, though the sun shines, torches are used, not to chase away darkness, but for a sign of joy." The apostolic canons mention incense, and oil for the lamps, then used in the churches. Many out of devotion burned lamps before the bodies of saints, as we read in Prudentius, St. Paulinus, &c. The corporeal creatures which we use, are the gifts of God: it is therefore just that we should honour and glorify him by them. Besides, in our embodied state, they contribute to excite our souls to devotion; they are to our eyes, what words are to our ears, and by our organs move the affections of our hearts.

February 3rd. ST. BLASE.

He was bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, and laboured with wonderful zeal in the care of his flock, till he was apprehended in the persecution of Licinius. Neither promises nor threats could prevail upon him to offer sacrifice to idols: he was cruelly scourged, his body was torn with iron combs, and at last he was put to death by the sword. The circumstance of St. Blase having been tormented with iron combs seems to have given occasion to the wool-combers to choose him for the titular patron of their profession: his festival is still kept by them with a solemn guild at Norwich.

February 4th. ST. ANDREW CORSINI.

Notwithstanding a pious education under his parents' care, he spent the first part of his youth in vice, in the company of such as were as wicked as himself. At the age of sixteen, being moved by the tears and entreaties of his mother, and touched with the grace of God, he renounced all his former ways, forsook his evil companions, and dedicated himself to the service of God so entirely, that he never departed from his first fervour. After some years he was chosen bishop of Fiesoli, in which charge he laboured with great solicitude; and by a life of extraordinary mortification and charity, he repaired the evils of his youth, and gave encouragement to all virtues. He died in 1373, being seventy-one years old.

February 5th. ST. AGATHA.

A virgin of Sicily, who being solicited by all arts to comply with the wicked desires of the governor, resolutely withstood them all, preferring death to the loss of her virtue, and choosing rather the humility and contempt of the Gospel, than the great offers of honour and riches that were made to her. By the command of the governor she was cast into prison, stretched on the rack, her breasts were cut off, and her sides burned with torches, &c., all which she bore with invincible patience. Being carried back to prison, she expired repeating these words: "O Lord, who hast protected me from the cradle, and taken from me the love of the world, and given me patience to suffer, receive now my soul."

February 6th. ST. DOROTHY.

A virgin of Cesarea, who being apprehended under Dioclesian, was delivered into the hands of two sisters, who had forsaken the faith of Christ, that by their example and solicitations, she might be likewise persuaded to renounce him. But her virtue so far prevailed on them, that they returned to their faith, and died martyrs. This disappointment enraged her enemies against her, wherefore having with great constancy passed through many torments, she was at length beheaded and received the double crown of virginity and martyrdom.

February 7th. ST. ROMUALD.

The most famous of all his monasteries is that of Camaldoli, near Arezzo, in Tuscany, on the frontiers of the ecclesiastical state, thirty miles east from Florence, founded by him about the year 1009. It lies beyond a mountain, very difficult to pass over, the descent from which on the opposite side is almost a direct precipice looking down upon a pleasant large valley, which then belonged to a lord called Maldoli, who gave it the saint, and from him it retained the name Camaldoli. In this place St. Romuald built a monastery, and by the several observances he added to St. Benedict's rule, gave birth to that new order called Camaldoli, in which he united the cenobitic and eremitical life. After seeing in a vision his monks mounting up a ladder to heaven all in white, he changed their habit from black to white. The hermitage is two short miles distant from the monastery. It is a mountain quite overshadowed by a dark wood of fir-trees. In it are seven clear springs of water. The very sight of this solitude in the midst of the forest helps to fill the mind with compunction, and a love of heavenly contemplation. On entering it, we meet with a chapel of St. Antony for travellers to pray in before they advance any farther. Next are the cells and lodgings for the porters. Somewhat farther, is the church, which is large, well built, and richly adorned. Over the door is a clock, which strikes so loud that it may be heard all over the desert. On the left side of the church is the cell in which St. Romuald lived, when he first established these hermits. Their cells, built of stone, have each a little garden walled round. A constant fire is allowed to be kept in every cell on account of the coldness of the air throughout the year: each cell has also a chapel in which they may say mass: they call their superior, major. The whole hermitage is now inclosed with a wall: none are allowed to go out of it; but they may walk in the woods and alleys within the inclosure at discretion. Every thing is sent them from the monastery in the valley: their food is every day brought to each cell; and all are supplied with food and necessities, that they may have no dissipation or hindrance in their contemplation. Many hours of the day are allotted to particular exercises; and no rain or snow stops any one from meeting in the church to assist at the divine office. They are obliged to strict silence in all public common places; and every where during their Lents, also on Sundays, Holy-days, Fridays, and other days of abstinence, and always from Complin till Prime the next day.

February 8th. ST. JOHN OF MATHA.

He was born of a noble family of Provence in the year 1169 and was distinguished for his talents and knowledge, but he cast aside all the pursuits of ambition, and devoted himself to the redemption of slaves. When we consider the zeal and joy with which the saints sacrificed themselves for their neighbours, how must we blush at, and condemn our insensibility at the spiritual and the corporal calamities of others! The saints regarded affronts, labours, and pains, as nothing for the service of others in Christ: we cannot bear the least word or roughness of temper.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



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